

My Cousin *Bullingbrooke* ascends my Throne:
(Though then, Heaven knowes, I had no such intent,
But that necessity so bow'd the State,
That I and Greatness were compell'd to kisse.)
The Time shall come (thus did hee follow it)
The Time will come, that foule Sinne gathering head,
Shall breake into Corruption: so went on,
Fore-telling this same Times Condition,
And the diuision of our Amities.
War. There is a Historie in all mens Liues,
Figuring the nature of the Times decaid:
The which obseru'd, a man may prophesie
With a neere ayme, of the maine chance of things,
As yet not come to Life, which in their Seedes
And weake beginnings lye entreaured:
Such things become the Hatch and Brood of Time;
And by the necessarie forme of this,
King *Richard* might create a perfect guesse,
That great *Northumberland*, then false to him,
Would of that Seed, grow to a greater fallenesse,
Which should not finde a ground to roote vpon,
Vnlesse on you.
King. Are these things then Necessities?
Then let vs meete them like Necessities:
And that same word, euen now cries out on vs:
They say, the Bishop and *Northumberland*
Are fiftie thousand strong.
War. It cannot be (my Lord):
Rumor doth double, like the Voice, and Echo,
The numbers of the feared: Please it your Grace
To goe to bed, vpon my Life (my Lord)
The Powles that you already haue sent forth,
Shall bring this Prize in very easily:
To comfort you the more, I haue receiued
A certaine instance, that *Glendour* is dead:
Your Maiestie hath bene this fort-night ill,
And these vnseason'd howres perforce must adde
Vnto your Sicknesse.
King. I will take your counsaile:
And were these inward Warres once out of hand,
Wee would (deare Lords) vnto the Holy Land.

Scena Secunda.

*Enter Shallow and Silence: with Mouldie, Shadow,
Wart, Feeble, Bull-calfs.*
Shal. Come-on, come-on, come-on: giue mee your
Hand, Sir: giue mee your Hand, Sir: an early stirrer, by
the Rood. And how doth my good Cousin *Silence*?
Sil. Good-morrow, good Cousin *Shallow*.
Shal. And how doth my Cousin, your Bed-fellow?
and your fairest Daughter, and mine, my God-Daughter
Ellen?
Sil. Alas, a blacke Ouzell (Cousin *Shallow*).
Shal. By yea and nay, Sir, I dare say my Cousin *William*
is become a good Scholler: hee is at Oxford still, is hee
not?
Sil. Indeede Sir, to my cost.
Shal. Hee must then to the Innes of Court shortly: I
was once of *Clements Inne*; where (I thinke) they will
talke of mad *Shallow* yet.

Sil. You were call'd lustie *Shallow* then (Cousin.)
Shal. I was call'd any thing: and I would haue done
any thing indeede too, and roundly too. There was I, and
little *Iohn Dost* of Staffordshire, and blacke *George Bare*,
and *Francis Pick-bone*, and *Will Squele* a Cot-fal-man, you
had not foure such Swindge-bucklers in all the Innes of
Court againe: And I may say to you, wee knew where
the *Bona-Roba's* were, and had the best of them all at
commandement. Then was *Iacke Falstaffe* (now Sir *Iohn*)
folke.
Sil. This Sir *Iohn* (Cousin) that comes hither anon a-
bout Souldiers?
Shal. The same Sir *Iohn*, the very same: I saw him
breake *Scoggin's* Head at the Court-Gate, when hee was
a Crack, not thus high: and the very same day did I fight
with one *Sampson Stock-fish*, a Fruiterer, behinde *Greys*-
Inne. Oh the mad dayes that I haue spent! and to see
how many of mine olde Acquaintance are dead?
Sil. Wee shall all follow (Cousin.)
Shal. Certaine: tis certaine: very sure; very sure:
Death is certaine to all, all shall dye: How a good Yoke
of Bullocks at *Stamford Payre*?
Sil. Truly Cousin, I was nor there.
Shal. Death is certaine: I sold Double of your Towne
liuing yet.
Sil. Dead, Sir.
Shal. Dead? See, see: hee drew a good Bow: and
dead? hee shot a fine shoote. *Iohn* of Gaunt loued
him well, and betted much Money on his head. Dead?
hee would haue clapt in the Clowt at Twelue-score, and
carried you a fore-hand shaft at foureteene, and foure-
teene and a halfe, that it would haue done a mans heart
good to see. How a score of Ewes now?
Sil. Thereafter as they be: a score of good Ewes
may be worth twine pounds.
Shal. And is olde *Double* dead?
Sil. Heere come two of Sir *Iohn Falstaffe's* Men (as I
thinke).
Shal. Good-morrow, honest Gentlemen.
Bard. I beseech you, which is Iustice *Shallow*?
Shal. I am *Robert Shallow* (Sir) a poore Esquire of this
Countie, and one of the Kings Iustices of the Peace:
What is your good pleasure with me?
Bard. My Captaine (Sir) commends him to you:
my Captaine, Sir *Iohn Falstaffe*: a tall Gentleman, and a
most gallant Leader.
Shal. Hee greetes me well: (Sir) I knew him a
good Back-Sword-man. How doth the good Knight?
may I aske, how my Lady his Wife doth?
Bard. Sir, pardon: a Souldier is better accommoda-
ted, then with a Wife.
Shal. It is well said, Sir; and it is well said, indeede,
too: Better accommodated? it is good, yea indeede it
is: good phrases are surely, and euery where very com-
mendable. Accommodated, it comes of Accommoda-
tion, very good, a good Phrase.
Bard. Pardon, Sir, I haue heard the word. Phrase
call you it? by this Day, I know not the Phrase: but
I will maintaine the Word with my Sword, to bee a
Souldier-like Word, and a Word of exceeding good
Command. Accommodated: that is, when a man is
(as they say) accommodated: or, when a man is, being
whereby

whereby he thought to be accommodated, which is an
excellent thing.

Enter Falstaffe.

Shal. It is very iust: Looke, heere comes good Sir
Iohn. Giue me your hand, giue me your Worships good
hand: Trust me, you looke well: and beare your yeares
very well. Welcome, good Sir *Iohn*.
Fal. I am glad to see you well, good M. *Robert Shal-*
low, Master *Sure-card* as I thinke?
Shal. No Sir *Iohn*, it is my Cousin *Silence*: in Commis-
sion with mee.
Fal. Good M. *Silence*, it well befits you should be of
the peace.
Sil. Your good Worships is welcome.
Fal. Fye, this is hot weather (Gentlemen) haue you
providid me heere halfe a dozen of sufficient men?
Shal. Marry haue we Sir: Will you Sir?
Fal. Let mee see them, I beseech you.
Shal. Where's the Roll? Where's the Roll? Where's
the Roll? Let me see, let me see, let me see: so, so, so, so:
yea marry Sir. *Raphe Mouldie*: let them appeare as I call:
let them do so, let them do so: Let mee see, Where is
Mouldie?
Moul. Heere, if it please you.
Shal. What thinke you (Sir *Iohn*) a good limbe'd fel-
low, yong, strong, and of good friends.
Fal. Is thy name *Mouldie*?
Moul. Yea, if it please you.
Fal. 'Tis the more time thou wert vs'd.
Shal. Ha, ha, ha, most excellent. Things that are moul-
die, lacke life: very singular good. Well saide Sir *Iohn*,
very well said.
Fal. Pricke him.
Moul. I was prickt well enough before, if you could
haue let me alone: my old Dame will be vndone now, for
oneto doe her Husbandry, and her Drudgery; you need
not to haue prickt me, there are other men fitter to goe
out, then I.
Fal. Go too: peace *Mouldie*, you shall goe. *Mouldie*,
it is time you were spent.
Moul. Spent?
Shallow. Peace, fellow, peace: stand aside: Know you
where you are? For the other Sir *Iohn*: Let me see: *Simon*
Shadow.
Fal. I marry, let me haue him to sit vnder: he's like to
be a cold souldier.
Shal. Where's *Shadow*?
Shad. Heere Sir.
Fal. *Shadow*, whose sonne art thou?
Shad. My Mothers sonne, Sir.
Fal. Thy Mothers sonne: like enough, and thy Fa-
thers shadow: so the sonne of the Female, is the shadow
of the Male: it is often so indeede, but not of the Fathers
substance.
Shal. Do you like him, Sir *Iohn*?
Fal. *Shadow* will serue for Summer: prick him: For
wee haue a number of shadowes to fill vpp the Muster-
Booke.
Shal. *Thomas Wart*?
Fal. Where's he?
Wart. Heere Sir.
Fal. Is thy name *Wart*?
Wart. Yea Sir.
Fal. Thou art a very ragged Wart.

Shal. Shall I picke him downe,
Sir Iohn?
Fal. It were superfluous: for his apparel is built vpon
his backe, and the whole frame stands vpon pins: prick
him no more.
Shal. Ha, ha, ha, you can do it Sir: you can doe it: I
commend you well.
Francis Feeble.
Feeble. Heere Sir.
Shal. What Trade art thou *Feeble*?
Feeble. A Womans Taylor Sir.
Shal. Shall I picke him, Sir?
Fal. You may:
But if he had bene a mans Taylor, he would haue prickt
you. Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemies Bat-
taile, as thou hast done in a Womans petticoate?
Feeble. I will doe my good will Sir, you can haue no
more.
Fal. Well said, good Womans Taylor: Well sayde
Couragious *Feeble*: thou wilt bee as valiant as the wrath-
full Doe, or most magnanimous Mouse. Pricke the wo-
mans Taylor well Master *Shallow*, deepe Master *Shal-*
low.
Feeble. I would *Wart* might haue gone Sir.
Fal. I would thou wert a mans Taylor, that y might mend
him, and make him fit to goe. I cannot put him to
a priuate souldier, that is the Leader of so many thou-
sands. Let that suffice, most Forcible *Feeble*.
Feeble. It shall suffice.
Fal. I am bound to thee, reuerend *Feeble*. Who is
the next?
Shal. *Peter Bulcalfs* of the Greene.
Fal. Yea marry, let vs see *Bulcalfs*.
Bul. Heere Sir.
Fal. Trust me, a likely Fellow. Come, prick me *Bul-*
calfs till he roare againe.
Bul. Oh, good my Lord Captaine.
Fal. What? do't thou roare before thart prickt.
Bul. Oh Sir, I am a diseased man.
Fal. What disease hast thou?
Bul. A whorson cold Sir, a cough Sir, which I caught
with Ringing in the Kings affayres, vpon his Coronation
day, Sir.
Fal. Come, thou shalt go to the Warres in a Gowne:
we will haue away thy Cold, and I will take such order,
that thy friends shall ring for thee. Is heere all?
Shal. There is two more called then your number:
you must haue but foure heere Sir, and so I pray you go in
with me to dinner.
Fal. Come, I will goe drinke with you, but I cannot
tarry dinner. I am glad to see you in good troth, Master
Shallow.
Shal. O Sir *Iohn*, doe you remember since wee lay all
night in the Winde-mill, in S Georges Field.
Falstaffe. No more of that good Master *Shallow*: No
more of that.
Shal. Ha? it was a merry night. And is *Iane Night-*
worke aliue?
Fal. She liues, M. *Shallow*.
Shal. She neuer could away with me.
Fal. Neuer, neuer: she would alwayes say shee could
not abide M. *Shallow*.
Shal. I could anger her to the heart: shee was then a
Bona-Roba. Doth she hold her owne well.
Fal. Old, old, M. *Shallow*.
Shal. Nay, she must be old, she cannot choole, but be